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style, for the house is to be seen from the garden, and the garden from the house also. Make glass-houses and such structures unobtrusive. Render your sweeps boldly and not corkscrew-like. Conceal the boundaries of small enclosures by masses of foliage. Alter not Nature to suit an ideal by raising hillocks here, and digging canals there, but be content with making her show herself at the best advantage as she is. Do not think that lawns and glades look bare, for they give variety to wooded scenery, and are no objects of the unbeautiful in themselves. Shun crowding your trees, as well as excessive thinning of them. Damp and gloom from too much adjacent foliage is from association, as detrimental as a too glaring sun. Do not hesitate to cut them away for a fine view. Formal avenues producing vistas, are agreeable, while a straight cutting through a wood to let in a view is painful; but try dexterously to imitate the irregularity of Nature. Cutting gaps in a mountainous stretch of woods will give it no more beauty than pulling out prominent teeth in a meaningless mouth will give it expression. The peculiar beauty of the original wood, if not of a high type, is still by no means ameliorated by such proceedings. Substantiality should characterize the accessories of a house-garden—which is not gained by the so-called *rustic* work. For a bridge, solid stone is best, but the worst descriptions are the trellis and Chinese kinds. They betray a wish to be ornamental and the inability to be grand. Never place the prettinesses of the flower-garden in combination with the bolder features of Nature. A prostrate tree on the margin of an ornamental piece of water is never picturesque, because of the associated sentiment of neglect and desolation, although it may be very much so in a stream of the wilderness, where such sentiments are opposite. So putting artificial ruins in your grounds is objectionable for the same reasons. Finally, be careful of your own idiosyncrasies, and the giving undue prominence to your own preferences.

(From Bartol's Pictures of Europe.)

#### RAPHAEL'S MADONNA, AN ARGUMENT FOR RELIGION.

"So I felt, especially before one delineation of the holy mother and her child, Jesus, which makes the pride and glory of the German city of Dresden, and, like the other great pictures in their several places, is set there so that it cannot be removed—if I should not rather say, it is the honor of Europe and the world. The spectator feels, at first, a little curious and puzzled to account for its effects: for this astonishing picture does not seem to have been elaborated with the patient pencil that has wrought so unwearied upon many other famous subjects, but rather to have been thrown off, almost as though it had been in water-colors, by an inspiration of divine genius, in a sudden jubilee of its solemn exercise, with a motion of the hand, at the last height and acme of its attainment. The theme of the Saviour of the world, a babe on his parent's bosom, is of interest not to be surpassed. The dim shine of a cloud of angels flows from behind a curtain into the room, which is equally open to earth or heaven. All heaven indeed, through the ar-

tist's wondrous hinting of innumerable eager faces, seems crowding there to see. 'These things the angels desire to look into.' All earth waits dumbly expectant and mysteriously attentive below. The mother is discovered standing upon the globe with her offspring in her arms. The Pope, anticipated impersonation of the highest human authority, bends his knees with the half bald, half-hoary head, sending from his lowly posture only an upward, revering glance, while he lays his mitre on the ground, and, as well he may, there lets it lie. A saint stands at the other side, looking down with the humility of a heavenly countenance, yet evidently taking in, with admiring contemplation, the import of the holy scene. Little cherubs from below return their silent, loving gaze to the vision that drops downcast from above. But it is remarkable that the least and youngest figure in this company—regard it from what side you will—is at the head, and in command of the whole. The grey beard of ecclesiastic might, at whose waving thrones were to shake and kingdoms be rearranged, is annihilated before that soft, childish face. The sanctified and mature spirit, that had flown incalculable distances from its upper seat, wears the veil of modesty, and bends into the stoop of worship, before that earthly life just begun. The angels that sang with the morning stars together over the foundations of the world, flock and crowd, as to a sight unequalled even by their old experience, in the ante-chamber, about the door, of their rightful Sovereign, shaped as infancy that cannot yet walk; while the winged seraphs, of age apparently little superior to itself, that have descended from the sky, fall yet farther down beneath the floor, and cling by their beautiful arms to the edge, as, with their sight, they seek from afar their clay-clad companion, yet somehow Lord. The mother herself, that bore what she holds upon her breast, has a countenance in which strange submissiveness mingles with maternal care, and tenderness runs into forethought of future days. The child, as though in him a thousand lines converged, is the centre and unity of the piece; yet without ceasing at all to be a child, in the utmost extent that simplicity and innocence can reach. But, at the same time, there is in his look a majesty peculiar and unrivalled, which seems to justify and require all this angelic and terrestrial deference. In those delicate orbs—shall I ever forget them?—turned full out upon the world, and gentle and unpretending, too, as eyeballs sheathed in flesh ever were or could be, there is, in what manner I know not, by what art or inspiration painted, I surely cannot tell, a supremacy of control which principalities above or below might well fear to disobey, as though that were the final authority of the universe.

"Never before, by any like production, had I been quite abashed and overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed my understanding. Long did I inspect, and often did I go back to re-examine, this mystery, which so foiled my criticism, and constrained my wonder, and convinced me, as nothing visible beside had ever done, that, if no picture is to be worshipped, something is to be worshipped: that is to be worshipped which such a picture indicates or portrays. But the problem was too much for my solving. I can only say, it mixed for me the transport of wonder with the ecstasy of delight, it affected me like the sight of miracle: it was the supernatural put into color and form; for certainly no one, who received the suggestion of those features, the sense of those meek, subduing eyes, could doubt any longer, if he had ever once doubted, of there being a God, a heaven, and, both before and beyond the sepulchre, an immortal life. No one, who caught that supernal expression of the whole countenance,

could believe it was made of matter, born of mortality, had its first beginning in the cradle, or could be laid away in the grave, but rather that it was of a quite dateless and everlasting tenure. I would be free even to declare, that, in the light which played between those lips and lids, was Christianity itself—Christianity in miniature for the smallness of the space I might incline to express it, but that I should query in what larger presentiment I had ever beheld Christianity so great. Mont Blanc may fall out of the memory, and the Pass of the Stelvio fade away; but the argument for religion—argument I call it—which was offered to my mind in the great Madonna of Raphael, cannot fail." pp. 201—204.

#### From "Legends of the Isles and other Poems." THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME—ADVICE TO ASPIRANTS.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame;  
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,  
And make the future bless thy name;

Begin thy perilous career;  
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear;  
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,  
That ever whispers, "Work and win,"  
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,  
And never flag till it succeed,  
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed;

If thou canst struggle day and night,  
Nor curse the day that thou wert born  
To feed on husks, and he on corn:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn:  
Nor curse the day that thou wert born  
To feed on husks, and he on corn:

If thou canst dine upon a crust,  
And still hold on in patient trust,  
Nor pine that fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see with tranquil breast,  
The knave or fool in purple dressed,  
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest:

If thou canst rise at break of day,  
And toil and moil till evening grey,  
At thankless work for scanty pay!

If, in thy progress to renown,  
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown  
Of those who try to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,  
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,  
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days can find  
An inner brightness in thy mind,  
To reconcile thee to thy kind:

Whatever obstacles control,  
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!  
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal!

If not—what matters? tried by fire,  
And purified from low desire,  
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,  
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy  
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,  
That thou must gild thy living name  
And snatch the honors of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,  
To seize thy time, and force thy way,  
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,  
And fill thy veins with heaviness,  
And make thee love thy kind the less;

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,  
And thou let tears or curses fall,  
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—  
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,  
And heart will break, and brain will sear.

Content thou with a meaner lot:  
Go plow thy field, go build thy cot,  
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.